

Fashions



HER PAGE



Household



Problems

Sister Mary's KITCHEN

In the kitchen of her own home Sister Mary cooks daily for a family of four adults. She brought to her kitchen an understanding of the chemistry of cooking, gained from study of domestic science in a state university. Consequently the advice she offers is a happy combination of theory and practice. Every recipe she gives is her own, first tried out and served at her family table.

After using the molding board there is always more or less flour left on the slab. This flour should not be wasted and neither should it be dumped back into the flour bin without sifting.

There may be particles of the dough mixed with the flour and if these bits of pie crust or biscuit dough are not sifted out there is danger of them becoming stale and tainting the entire sack of flour.

Even if one always sifts her flour before using it in baking, flour should be carefully sifted before returning it to the bin after scraping the molding board.

Menu for Tomorrow

Breakfast—Stewed prunes, scrambled eggs with bacon, toast, coffee.
Luncheon—Cream of cauliflower soup, croissants, Waldorf salad, rolls, tea.

Dinner—Scalloped potatoes with pork sausage, baked squash, endive salad, Concord grapes, sponge cake, coffee.

My Own Recipes

Sometimes it's possible to cook all the dinner in the oven, thereby saving a little gas. An oven dinner is always easy and comfortable to "get" and usually serves nicely.

Cream of Cauliflower Soup

1 medium sized head of cauliflower.
2 cups milk.
2 cups chicken broth.
2 stalks celery.

1 slice onion.
2 tablespoons butter.
2 tablespoons flour.
1 teaspoon salt.
1/2 teaspoon pepper.

Let cauliflower stand in cold salted water, head down, for an hour. Put the whole head into a sauce pan of boiling water and 1 cup of milk and cook until tender. Remove flowerets from stem and press cauliflower through a strainer. There should be about 1 1/2 cups. Add pulp to broth. Scald two cups milk with celery and onion. Melt butter, stir in flour. Strain milk into broth and add slowly to butter and flour, stirring constantly. Cook until boiling. Add salt and pepper and serve very hot. Tiny flowerets of the cauliflower may be added to

"SHE SEEKS FOR THE UGLY THAT SHE MAY MAKE IT BEAUTIFUL"

SCULPTRESS BEAUTIFIES NEGLECTED HOUSEHOLD FURNISHINGS.

NEW YORK—This is the story of a girl who started on her road to success by the way of a door-knocker. Her name is Bernice Abbott.

She is just 22 and she was born in Cleveland, O.

She was bored with her life and came to New York. She was quite penniless and she looked about her for a job.

She turned to posing. Then one day in a sculptor's studio, she found that she was essentially a sculptress.

She began making the usual things—heads, fountains, etc., but there were so many heads and fountains in the world that she looked for something that was needed more.

There were so many ugly things about a house that no one had ever thought about making lovely, so she turned to those.

She Made a Brass Knocker

She began on door-knockers. A bell is an ugly thing, so she made a brass knocker for her front door and waited.

Some one came and admired it; she made another and another. Knockers of natural objects, a faun, a little grinning monkey, a fight between a horse and a lion, leaves, flowers and many conservative designs.

But this was not going far enough. She saw that nearly all cupboards had very sad-looking knobs to the doors.

So she turned out some dozen or more designs for knobs. These were cut in wood or made up of glass or metal.

A big firm on Fifth avenue began to take notice, and now she has about as much as she can do noosing out the neglected side of household furnishings.

"It is almost like discovering orphans," she said. "This discovering of the things that no one has ever thought enough about to make beautiful. I feel almost like a detective, too. Whenever I go into a house my eyes fairly ache. I turn them on so many forgotten corners.

So Many "Impossible" Things

"In nearly every home, even the homes of the most wealthy, there are at least thirty things or so, which are hopelessly out of keeping. For instance, the 'blowers' for open fires—are they not impossible? And who said they

each plate of soup.

Scalloped Potatoes With Sausage

Prepare potatoes as usual for scalloping. Bake until nearly done. Then add the sausage, which has been par-boiled for 15 minutes. Prick the sausages after putting them on the potatoes. The sausage should bake 20 or 25 minutes with the potatoes.

There was a time when we exhumed our furs from cold storage or moth balls, but now we send 'em to the cleaners and continue wearing them.

Mary



BERNICE ABBOTT

"Kitchen things, too—just because they are kitchen things, people seem to think they must be plain."

could not be made attractive by the right of designing?

"Kitchen things, too—just because they are kitchen things, people seem to think they have to go on casting

irons in the same old way, with unlovely handles, and that kitchen utensils of all sorts must be plain. Why, some of my best work has been in lacquering tea caddies, cocoa cans, pep-

Confessions of a Bride

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THE BOOK OF DEBORAH

My Soul, Apart From Love, Is Outside My Husband's Jurisdiction

I left Ann to introduce the raccoon, like a serpent, into her bower of roses and wended my way home.

"I wish I knew whether it pays a wife to have sense or not," was my bitter reflection. "Jim does not seem to loathe that 'coon,' but Bob would be awfully pleased, I'm afraid, if Katherine Miller petted one!"

I wiped a tear from the end of my nose.

"There ought to be some children in this family," ran my meditation. "Then we'd have fewer raccoons! And—and rivals! But I guess God isn't going to send a baby to Bob and me—as long as we keep on having these horrid tiffs."

Never had Bob been so obstinate as in our present quarrel. Many a time had we survived big and little differences, but after each cure, a few drops of dew had disappeared from our roses, a little more bloom from our romance. I had to admit it, although I had tried so hard—so hard—to be the kind of a wife Bob wanted.

Could I have the wrong idea of what Bob wanted in a wife? Or—didn't he know himself what he wanted?

In moods like that, invariably I set myself to darning Bob's socks and sewing on his buttons. I knew that there was a fastening missing from his golf sweater, and so I found my strongest thread and a beautiful gray pearl button.

der pots, etc.

"But what amuses me most is in the discovery. At the moment I am making a set of key-hole blinds—you know, those little things they put over key-holes, so that no inquisitive friend may look through and see what you are doing—I'm on the fifth, and they are handsome, and such fun."

Miss Abbott does her work at home—"where all the things I love are near me," as she says. And above the knocker on her door is a little sign:

"She who abides within, seeks for the ugly, that she may make it beautiful."

ton to replace the one he had lost.

When the task was finished, I investigated the pockets of the coat in search of the soiled handkerchiefs Bob wudges up and carries until I rob him of them.

My hand touched a ball of crumpled paper. I was about to throw it into a waste basket when my eyes caught a single word, meaningless when detached from the context, but set down in a beautiful handwriting which was full of significance to me!

No woman I know writes as artistically as Miss Miller. I could select her letter from a thousand sheets of paper. Without giving a single thought to the right or wrong of my action, I spread the paper before me. The note was short, but what wife would have read it without congealing with suspicion?

"Must I ask you to come?" it ran in the most assured way. "Tonight? In possible, phone me."

I drooped above the intriguing lines. My eyes closed as if to shut out the subtle phrases.

"Tonight!" Bob had said that he was going to his club to meet an English author "tonight!"

I rose to my feet and the sweater, thread and buttons scattered to the corners of the room as I threw my hand above my head in a tragic gesture. I might ask Bob to explain—

No! Never again!

"Why try to be the kind of a wife Bob wants?" I asked myself. Be yourself! He liked you when he first knew you—as you were!

I thought a long time and then admonished myself:

"If I cannot save my love, I can at least save my soul!"

And I remembered a lettered card above my father's desk in his office in the dear old college:

"To defend the soul, its rights, its dignity, is the most pressing duty!"

My soul was my own—apart from love and from marriage! It was outside any hurt which a woman like Katherine Miller could "wish" upon it.

The Permanent Wave

In order to convince people of our implicit confidence in the Fredericks Permanent Wave, we will wave the hair of our old or new customers on basis of part cash at time of waving and balance so much a month. Price \$1.00 per wave. It is a great pleasure, convenience and time saver to have your hair wavy at all times.

It takes about 3 hours time to have it done. Professional or business women can have appointments in the evenings. Phone, write or call at

De Marvel Institute

134 N. First Ave. for appointment.

Women Are Our Best Friends

Women, as every one knows, are the greatest critics of food. Naturally so, because they know food and its preparation. We welcome their criticism, but fortunately we have been showered with favorable comment—and largely by women. Let us convince you as we have hundreds of others.

The Chocolate Shop

10 E. Washington St.

Watch Our Window



Wings of the morning!

Isn't it great, the first thing in the morning, to sit down to a really good cup of coffee!

—the delightful fragrance rising from the cup!

—the smooth rich taste!

—wholesome invigoration and a set-up for the day's work!

Can you afford to pay the full price per cup and miss any of these things?

Schilling Coffee is waiting for you at your grocer's. So is your money-back-if you-want-it.

Schilling Coffee